$2.00 " year

JANUARY, 1930

The Liberalist

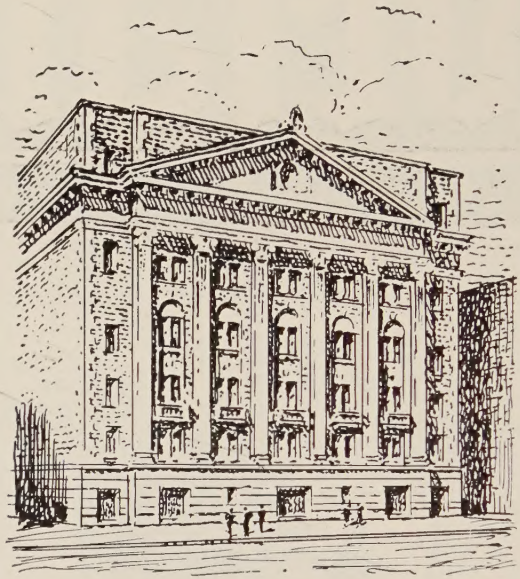
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Gifts for the New Year

Little New Year, my friend-to-be,
Come take these gifts; they are all for thee!
I give thee to laugh at many a rout
That the last little New Year wept about;
I give thee to soar where he barely crept
And to rise, alert, where he slothfully slept;
I give thee to walk with steadier tread
Past the low green grave of a pleasure dead;
I bring thee the gift of a tenderness
Which is last year's sorrow in New Year's dress;
I bring thee power that the Old Year earned
In drudging toil and in soft ease spurned;
A dusty talent from off the shelf
And a laggard will, ashamed of itself;
A broader, kindlier Charity
For the little world that I share with thee;
A Faith which the Old Year found but frail
Rising to give the New Year hail;
And brave little Hope with her dauntless smile
Ready to share the last long mile.
And best of all, lest we go astray,
You and I on the untried way,
A heavenly Guide for every day!
Little New Year, my friend-to-be,
Come take these gifts; they are all for thee!

Ruby E. Weyburn

(From "Poems for Special Days and Occasions" by Thomas Curtis Clark)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXVI **January, 1950** *Number 10*

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY was born in Linden, Michigan, August 18, 1888. His father was a blacksmith and his mother the daughter of a farmer. He was graduated from the Linden High School at the age of fifteen and won the high school oratorical championship in the State of Michigan in the same year. He preached his first sermon at the age of sixteen and entered Alma College, Alma, Michigan. He later studied law and was a special student at the University of Michigan.

Dr. Bradley came to the Peoples Church of Chicago on July 7, 1912, and has served as Pastor of that Church ever since, being in his 38th year of his pastorate there. He was given an Honorary Degree in Law by Lake Forest College and an Honorary Doctor of Divinity Degree by Meadville Theological Seminary, a member of the University of Chicago Federated Seminaries. He has written seven books: "Courage for Today," "Mastering Fear," "Power From Right Thinking," "Life and You," "New Wealth For You," "Meditations," and "My Daily Strength."

Dr. Bradley has served as a member of the Board of Trustees of the Chicago Public Library since 1924 and is now Chairman of the Library Committee. He is a member of the State Normal School Board of the State of Illinois and Chairman of the Faculty Committee. He served for three years as National President of the Izaak Walton League of America, a movement in conservation which he named and of which he was one of the original 54 founders.

Twice Dr. Bradley has been offered the nomination as Mayor of Chicago and once was extended the nomination as Congressman at Large from the State of Illinois. He preferred to have no active part in politics and declined both opportunities. He was a consultant to the State Department at the San Francisco meeting of the United Nations Organization.

He has lectured in the University of Chicago, Northwestern University, University of Illinois, Iowa University, Lake Forest College and other institutions throughout the country. He is in constant demand for lectures, forums, as well as officiating at over one

hundred funerals a year and performing 100 wedding ceremonies in the year.

He has the largest attendance in his church of any protestant congregation in the City of Chicago. More than 2,000 frequently attend the Sunday evening service. For nearly seventeen years he has given a book review in his church every Wednesday evening, and it is the most largely attended regular book lecture in the United States. More than 1200 people attended the opening book lecture this season. He is a Chicago institution and no man in the city has impressed his personality more upon the city of Chicago. The members of his church number nearly 4,000.

He is Chairman of the Chicago Council Against Racial Discrimination, a member of the Mayor's Commission on Human Relations and has always taken a position of leadership for the understanding of all races, all creeds, all religions and faiths. He numbers by the hundreds friends in every church, every creed, every race.

Every Sunday morning service of his church has been broadcast for the past 26 years. It is the oldest religious broadcast in the United States. He has the largest Sunday listening audience in the country and has the highest Hooper rating of a Sunday audience at any hour on WJJD.

He has been on a daily radio program for 13 years over WGN, Chicago, and has the highest Hooper rating of any Chicago commentator at any time. On December 26th he began a regular weekly program on television, which will be on the air every Monday evening at 7 p.m. on WGN-TV.

Dr. Bradley is a member of the Pi Gamma Mu and the Phi Phi Alpha Fraternities, an Honorary member of both the Lions and the Kiwanis Clubs. He is a shriner and affiliated with Masonic organizations as well as the Odd Fellows. He is a member of the Adventurers Club, the Chicago Literary Club, the Authors Club of London, England, the Actors Club of Chicago, a Life Member of the Art Institute of Chicago and the Chicago Historical Society and the Illinois Historical Society, and is a member of the Board of Trustees of the Municipal Art League of Chicago.

Dr. Bradley has a wife and a foster son.

His hobby is fishing.

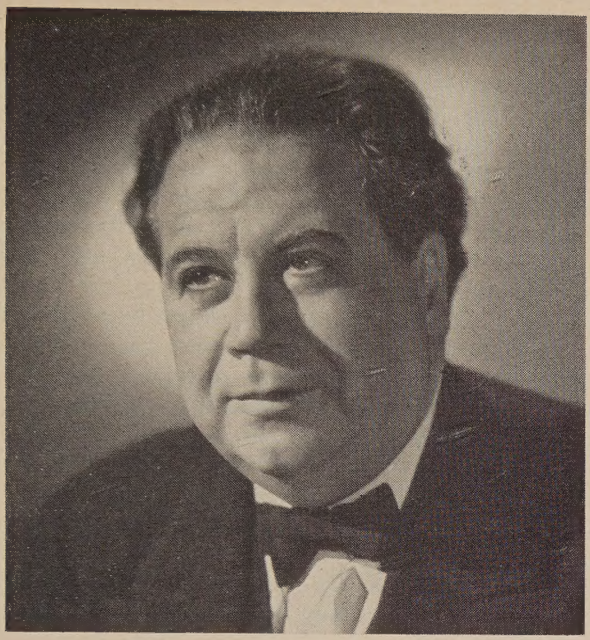
DR. BRADLEY'S HYMN

Onward To the Future

PRESTON BRADLEY

Onward to the future,
With no place for fear,
Blend our heart and voices
In Thy cause most dear.
We are not divided,
Live for aims sublime
Pledge ourselves forever
To the end of time. Onward, etc.

Let us all press forward,
Never fail our dreams,
Till with Thy love guiding
Victory on us beams.
Faithful we will ever
Stand for truth and right
Till the darkness passes
And prevails the light, Onward, etc.



DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Founder-Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago —Radio and Television Commentator and Friendly Philosopher—Author of Seven Books—Lecturer and Book Reviewer

"HOW THE LOVE OF HATE WILL DESTROY YOU"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY, Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago October 2, 1949

ONE of the very beautiful memories which lingers with me from my experiences of traveling during the past summer is a memorable evening when I sailed down the Clyde River on my way to Belfast, Ireland. It was a beautiful scene, as the twilight deepened into darkness. I was on a very small ship, but it was sturdy and fine, and as we sailed down the Clyde, into the beauty of a lingering sunset, I had a conversation with two gentlemen who were going to Ireland for a visit; two Scotchmen. I confined them to topics of conversation that would not reveal to them I was a preacher. I was a little reluctant to let them know it, for there is no better preacher than the Scotchman. The Scotch people have produced the finest theologians and the best pulpiteers of the English speaking world.

When I arrived in Belfast, I was entertained by a gentleman whom many of you will remember. He has stood in this pulpit, Dr. Agnew of All

Souls Church in the city of Belfast. We were sitting in his study and our conversation was rather general, and without any warning, Dr. Agnew stepped to the mantle of his study and picked up what I thought was a twisted, broken piece of steel. He handed it to me and I took it in my hands, and I said, "What is this?"

He answered, "I sat in this room where we are sitting during one of our raids in Belfast. (Belfast had some very tragic and severe raids, I had no idea of it—whole acres of buildings were leveled.) In this very block where we are, during that particular raid, there were more than 300 men, women, and children who lost their lives within half an hour."

On that night during the raid Dr. Agnew went out into the street, and just after he left, a piece of shrapnel came through the window of his house. He realized that it was setting fire to his own home, and he quenched it and then went back out into the street among the falling debris and spent a nighttime trying to be of help in that tragedy. He had kept that piece of metal all this time. It had been cooled, of course, and was a twisted piece of steel, and as he put it in my hands he said: "I often wonder who it was, what boy, sent this deadly weapon to us, as I think of all the tragedy and misery and agony of those old Belfast bombing days. (His own church was leveled to the ground; I had preached there.) I wish I could meet that boy; I would like to talk to him."

"And," I said, "If you could meet him, what would you say?"

"I would say to him, 'Son, I have no hate in my heart for you. Someday we will find a better way than hate.' "

And I said to myself, there is a sermon for me when I get back to my own beloved church in Chicago. I am going to tell the people a few things about how the love of hate will destroy the world. That is a rather paradoxical vision, isn't it? The love of hate. Those words do not belong together. Love and hate, opposite words. They conjure different patterns, different constituents, different attitudes, until you wonder if there is anyone who could love to hate. Is there any person in the world who could possibly, and with deliberation conjure up hate? Is there anyone who loves to hate? I am sorry, but there is. I have met some and so have you. People who are so twisted in their own sense of what constitutes true values that they have an inner ecstasy when they are hating. In psychiatry we call a person who loves to inflict pain on another a sadist, and every psychologist is familiar with that twisted, abnormal strain. Many personalities take a deliberate satisfaction when they inflict suffering on others. I know people like that, and so do you. I think they are never happier than when they are seeing someone cringe in agony. And if they can say or do something that will make you suffer, they delight in it. They glory in it. There are lots of people like that; they take a particular delight in saying something to you that they know will hurt you. Oh, I have known quite a few people like that. I call them whispering Christians, and deliver me from the whispering Christians. I don't like whispering people anyway, anywhere, but the most despicable person of all is the kind of individual who will get you alone under the atmosphere of great importance, and will whisper in your ear: "I hate to say this . . ." They are lying at the start; they don't hate to say it. They love to say it. "I hesitate to say this, but I am only telling you for your own good." There has been more anguish created in the hearts of people because somebody

tells somebody something for his own good than anything else I know. And you can see it gives them a little inner glow, if you are at all sensitive to the language of the eye. They cannot lie with their eyes. The eye is the only thing that never lies. I had a visit not too long ago with Chief Prendergast here in our city. I suppose you are wondering why I was visiting Chief Prendergast. It is not too important to you just why I had a visit with him. He listens often to our broadcast and to our service; I hope he is listening this morning. I said to him regarding a particularly involved case of a certain individual: "How do you men do it, ferreting out crime and criminals?"

He said, "We don't pay too much attention to what they say—we look into their eyes while they are saying it, for no person yet was able to lie with their eyes."

You can lie with your lips, but you can't lie with your eyes, and that is a very valuable little tip to you men who have been out to lodge, or sitting up with a sick friend. When you get home and tell the little woman, don't look into her eyes while you tell her, for you can't lie with your eyes.

And from all my experiences of the summer, I came back home this fall desiring one thing more than any other, and I must refer to this in the light of human history and what I know about human nature. I feel the tremendous challenge of the task which is before me. I *wish* we could get everything straightened out in the economic world. The tragedy of the British pound will leave repercussions that will create increasingly difficult problems for the economists of the world. I wish I could do something about it, but you see in the light of every page of human history, and there is no exception, no nation which ever tinkered with its currency on the basis of decreasing its stability ever overcame an economic problem. When the men finally decided to devaluate the British pound, no matter how good their intentions were, they were violating a fundamental economic law. I would challenge any economist or anyone who gives evidence of understanding the intricate problems of finance to give me one illustration where any nation has been able to emerge from its economic tragedy by devaluating its currency.

I wish we could get some new type of leadership everywhere in the world. I wish I could do something about the deepening gap between the man who works with his hands and the owners, in American industry. I wish I could do something about that, too. My realization of the importance of these problems is paramount, and I feel it deeply. Finally, where do we all come out? Every war ends at a table, not on a battlefield, not in the air, not with a bomb or a fire. Every war finally ends at a table. Somebody has to sit down with somebody else at a table. Every labor dispute, every strike, there are no exceptions, every labor dispute is settled finally at a table. In our present situation in the steel industry, somebody will have to sit down at a table somewhere. I have been thinking about all this in these difficult hours. Why can't we find the way to sit down at the table and stay there, and make it our business to arbitrate without war and without strikes. Begin at the table and end at the table, and let the table be the battleground!

There, right away I can sense from hundreds of hearts in this congregation this morning that you are saying, "Dr. Bradley, that is impossible." I grant you there are strong arguments against it, but I think if I could get the hate and the animosity, and the greed, and the self-interest out of the hearts

of parents and out of the hearts of people, we could stay at the table longer than we do. We would stay there until we had an answer, without bankrupting a civilization and destroying anyone's rights in American industry.

And what is that way? The way of love. So old fashioned, suggested so long ago, a thing so eternal, and we can't find people who will try it. The way of love. For hate will destroy! I have known quite a few people, and I meet quite a few people, and I have never known a person yet who hated, whose life was built on the principle of antagonism and criticism, who was wholly negative in personality, one person who hated people, who didn't wind up being hated himself and with a hateful character. I have never known one! That is what hate will do. If you hate people because they are different, if you hate Catholics, Jews, and negroes, if you are hating Russians and Germans and Japanese, if you hate because people are different, the accumulated results of your hatred will make you hated. You will begin to lose friends, and you will wonder why. You are out for self-destruction. You will wind up a hated and hateful person.

If we could have a moratorium on the United Nations situation, or the world economic situation, just long enough for people to get to know each other better. Just long enough to find out the same sun shines on all of us; the same rain falls on all of us; the same highway will claim us; the same earth will cradle us; that in the end we are all people, beating, loving, human hearts. If we could find a way to mine the hate out of hearts, what a beautiful world we would build!

There is a way. Hate cannot exist where love is. Hate is the dark. If this auditorium would suddenly become black as night, the blackness, the symbol of hate, would be dispelled by one little candle. For darkness cannot exist where light is. That is why the blessed Quakers are respected by every nation on earth, for they have a motto which I am going to try to make mine. And you try to make it yours. Let us try it. Today it is one of the most beautiful sentences I know. Just as the professors of English literature say that the finest simile in all literature is:

"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top."

The Quaker's motto is:

"It is better to light a candle than curse the dark." There is the secret, there is the beauty.

One thing more, and I think I have made my point quite clear. Two men were born in the same locality, the same surroundings, the same environment. They both looked out on the same mountains. They both saw the same beauty. One of them, whose name I shall mention in a sentence or two, will live in human history as long as history lasts as the epitome of hate and tears—Adolph Hitler. Adolph Hitler, who boasted that he hated his father and could manage his mother. If you want the secret of Hitler, there it is. Hitler's own statement—"I hated my father; I managed my mother." And Hitler will live as the greatest example of what hate can do, that the world will ever know. Would you like to know the name of the other man? Albert Schweitzer. There you have it, world! Adolph Hitler and Albert Schweitzer. CHOOSE THE ONE YOU WILL FOLLOW, diplomats, prime ministers, presidents, economists, businessmen, leaders! Choose whom you will follow! Schweitzer or Hitler?

Upon your choice depends the future of every beautiful thing this world has ever had!

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

ON January 17, 1706, just 244 years ago today, Benjamin Franklin was born, an event which should be commemorated in the hearts of all liberty loving people. Benjamin Franklin lived through the entire century in which he was born, with the exception of its last ten years. Now, to see a man upon the stage of the world's life, when the 18th century —that great century—was only six years old, who went straight through until the 90th year of that century, is an opportunity which those of us who are deeply concerned about our future might well consider.

Franklin was born in 1706 and died in 1790, a year after the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. He left his birthplace, the city of Boston, as a very young man. His father was in the soap business. Benjamin Franklin was poor. Poverty seems to be an advantage, and because of his poverty he developed a thrift consciousness. The discipline of poverty sometimes is good.

His mother and father were very devout people. They wanted him to study for the ministry, but it did not appeal to him. His first work was in the printing office of his brother. He was one of fifteen children. It was not recorded that any of the fifteen failed in the fine qualities of life. They did not all distinguish themselves of course, but they were a splendid family, as most big families are. He went to work for his brother as a printer's apprentice, and would write articles for his brother's paper which he would slip under the door of the shop, but with no name attached, but which were printed and recognized as having merit.

Franklin always used both of his eyes and his ears always were open, and he acquired that splendid virtue which, in an age of so much noise and bluster, is frequently lost—he knew how to keep still. He early evidenced his genius in his writing. Once his brother said to him "You keep your ideas out of this printing office," and, as sometimes happens with brothers, an argument resulted and Franklin ran away. He went to New York, but he did not remain there. He took a boat for Philadelphia, and the Franklin who lives in the mind of the schoolboy is the Franklin of the picture books, short, stubby, round-faced, ruddy complexion, with his old cornered hat, and a bun sticking out from under his cloak, and with about a shilling in his pocket.

At Philadelphia he secured a job in a printing office, and the first thing we know he was founding his own printing establishment and published a newspaper in 1728, which is still in existence. After a little while he grew restless and we find him in England. The record is rather silent as to what he did there. He was less than twenty years old. He finally came back in a sailing ship, and between storms and calm—he was 82 days getting from England to Philadelphia,—he thought about his future, and made some important decisions which affected his whole life and the life of this nation. Before he landed in Philadelphia at the age of 21, he wrote a litany in which he said that he was through with everything which was not fine and good, and besought God to help him in the resolution he had made.

In the next twenty years, when he

was only 42 years of age, he had accumulated what was a fortune for that period—$48,000—which brought him an income of nearly $4,000 a year, and which Benjamin Franklin said was all he needed. He had been interested in what was taking place in the colonies all of this time. His newspaper was growing in importance, he was developing in personality and influence. His "Poor Richard's Almanac" which was almost the first of its kind, was an expression of good common sense, and could be read by all of us even now with profit.

What are the achievements of Benjamin Franklin? Directness, definiteness, brevity and purpose are the four essentials of all good salesmanship. Benjamin Franklin possessed every one of these necessary virtues. He saw through things. One of the interesting conjectures concerning him is that Franklin was convinced at one time he might have prevented the revolutionary war and at the same time secured the absolute independence of the American colonies. The only man who signed all four documents in those early years of colonial history was Benjamin Franklin. His signature was on the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States. He was the first man to link lightning with electricity, and he had been recognized by all the great men, engineers and scientists of the world, and was given the highest degree which the Oxford University could confer—a Doctorate in Civil Law. The first free Public Library in Philadelphia was his work, and the idea spread until one of the most important assets which any town or city has is its public library. He invented the bi-focal lens and made the first pair of glasses using that feature, and was one of the first to make an effort to free the slaves. He fought for it in the Constitutional Convention, and the last act of his life as an old man was the signing of our Constitution. He was founder of the University of Pennsylvania, one of the great universities of these United States. His was the first newspaper ever published with illustrations. It was Benjamin Franklin who planned, developed and put into execution the mail service of the United States of America, and he was our first Postmaster General of the United States.

If you would read the English language at its best, read the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. Would you know science at its noblest? Study the scientific pioneering achievements of Franklin. Would you know economics, study Benjamin Franklin. Would you see a type of administrative character unsurpassed even in this modern world—look at Benjamin Franklin. Take to your hearts and to your minds this old-fashioned, jovial, practical and intellectual genius. To know him well is to know our own age better. To have studied him is to fortify ourselves in the difficulties of this hour. What we need in the midst of all the heat and controversy of this modern world is a deeper understanding of how this nation handled its serious problems in the past and handled them triumphantly. That we can still do the same thing now, I believe with my whole heart and being.

These were the words which Benjamin Franklin wanted on his tombstone. I have stood at his grave in Philadelphia and have regretted that no one placed them there: "The body of Benjamin Franklin, printer, like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out and stripped of its lettering and gilding, lies here, food for worms. Yet the work itself shall not be lost, for it will, he believes, appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the author."

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Editor
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY.....Assistant to the Editor
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EDITORIAL

THERE is no better time than the beginning of a new year for every man, woman and child in the United States of America, and for that matter, in the whole world, to have brought before them the absolute necessity for promoting understanding, comity and right relations between the people of every creed and faith and every race. Especially at a time when it may be that the destiny of the world for a thousand years to come is being decided, the significance of brotherhood and its relationship to unity was never more important.

Every creed known to man, every race on this earth, is represented in our citizenry. Our task of unifying a people for a century and a half has been unlike the work which any other nation in the world has had to do. It is the application of principles of understanding, justice, friendliness and cooperation that makes our country united and strong. We need to strengthen those common sentiments for brotherhood, to create a public conviction that the American idea is good enough to be shared with the whole world.

We need to promote justice, amity, understanding and cooperation among Jews, Catholics and Protestants in the United States, and to analyze, moderate and finally eliminate intergroup prejudice which disfigure and distort religious, business, social and political relations, with a view to the establishment of a social order in which the religious ideals of brotherhood and justice shall become the standards of human relationship.

Let us all realize that we can live together and work together with mutual respect for the other's point of view, and with mutual concern for what is finally going to happen to all of us.

At this time of the year man demonstrates his potentiality for fineness and goodness. So after the sentimental associations are forgotten with the passing of the days, let us not fall back again into the old habits of selfishness and hatred. Let us apply the principles we have been stressing during the Christmas and New Year season to the affairs of men and of nations and thus solve the problems of the world today.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent..... 9:30 a.m.
Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00
Sunday Evening Service—Not Broadcast..... 7:30
The Sunday Evening Service is always preceded by an organ concert.
Wednesday Evening Book Lectures by Dr. Bradley..... 8:00

Book Lectures for January

January 4—"The Waters of Siloe".....Thomas Merton
January 11—"Road to a Richer Life".....Walter B. Pitkin
January 18—"A Writer's Notebook".....Somerset Maugham
January 25—"Conflict in Marriage".....Edmund Bergler, M.D.

Woman's Club—January 9th and 23rd—Anderson Hall..... 1:00 p.m.
Professional and Business Woman's Club, Jan. 10 and 24..... 8:00 p.m.
Men's Club (4th Monday of each month) January 23..... 8:00 p.m.
The Uptown Players—Studios, 1149 N. LaSalle St., MIchigan 2-3105
Drama Teas, 1st Sunday of the month, Anderson Hall.....4 p.m.
Auditions, 1149 N. LaSalle St., 3rd Sunday
Plays, three performances each month at
Eleventh Street Theatre, 62 E. 11th St.
Channing Club (young people of high school age)
1st and 3rd Fridays each month, Bradley Hall..... 8:00 p.m.
Choir Rehearsals—Every Friday night in Church Auditorium..... 8:00 p.m.
Usher's Club—1st Tuesday of each month in Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.
Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday night, Anderson Hall... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thurs. afternoon.... 3:00 p.m.
Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Monday afternoon..... 8:00 p.m.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

The first meeting of the Woman's Club in January is Vice Presidents' Day. The Public Health Department is in charge of the program and will present a Cancer Film and Lecture by Mrs. Arthur I. Edison, Administrative Director of Cancer Prevention Center.

The Chairman and Hostess will be Mrs. W. J. Springer, and assistant hostesses are Mrs. C. Chirpe, Mrs. R. Crosswhite and Mrs. M. Krauvice. The date is January 9th.

On Monday, January 23rd, at 1 o'clock, the International Relations Department will be in charge. They will present a Jenny Lind Centennial Program, by Miss Irma Seeger, soprano. Miss Seeger has dedicated herself to the centennial celebration of the "Swedish Nightingale's" sojourn in the United States.

Miss C. Hartshorn is Chairman and Hostess of the afternoon, with Mrs. C. Anderson, Mrs. F. Bryan and Mrs. H. B. Hunter as assistant hostesses.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

The January calendar of the Business Woman's Club is of very special interest for it has to do with two splendid subjects: "Hobbies" and "Get the Most Out of Life."

Tuesday, January 10th is the date of the first of these meetings. Mrs. Rosalind Burtchby, Program Chairman will present Mr. Savino Morizzo, public relations counselor, who will talk on "Hobbies." This is sure to be of interest to both those who do have and

those who do not have hobbies.

At the second meeting in January, Tuesday evening, January 24th, at 8 o'clock, in Anderson Hall, Miss Ethel Wells Smalley will present Patricia Evans, head of the Mid-West Institute of Chicago (sponsors of the Dale Carnegie courses) who will talk on "Get the Most Out of Life."

These are open meetings, men and women are welcome. There will be no admission charge and refreshments will be served. Extend an invitation to your friends to come out and enjoy these two outstanding evenings.

MEN'S CLUB

The Men's Club expects a record attendance at its January meeting, to be held on Monday, January 23rd, due not only to the fact that the December meeting was suspended in deference to the holiday season, but because Mr. Charles E. Mason is returning to the club with another of his famous Lincoln talks. He will present an entirely different phase of Abraham Lincoln's life from the former talk which he gave. He will have with him his ever popular "Barber Shop Quartet."

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

Once again The Uptown Players, under the direction of their founder, J. Bradley-Griffin, have the distinction of presenting the first production of a Broadway hit to Chicago. This time it is the charming and lovable Day family in LIFE WITH MOTHER. In it you will meet again the same characters you met in LIFE WITH FATHER—Father, Vinnie; the four boys, Clarence, John, Whitney, and Harlan; Cousin Cora, who in the meantime has acquired a husband; Clarence's new love interest, Hazel; Margaret, the faithful maid; and of course a succession of new maids, the reason for whom Father is still unable to understand.

It was Mr. Bradley-Griffin's hope to present the original cast but unfortunately life in a little theatre group, with its many changes of personnel, has a way of upsetting the best laid plans. For instance, our charming and beautiful Glenna Tate who originally played Vinnie is now living in Denver, Colorado, where Ralph's business took them last January. Furthermore, in her Christmas greeting to The Players Glenna broke the news that she and Ralph will be a real-life mamma and papa in February! However, John Salling, we are happy to say, will again play the role of Father Day; and Bobby Packenham, of our Church School, will again appear as Harlan, the youngest son; while Jane Lilli, who gave such a splendid performance as Martha Brewster in our December production of ARSENIC AND OLD LACE, will play her original role of Cora Cartwright.

Inasmuch as Glenna Tate is unable to play Vinnie, the role has been assigned to Mary Clarke, Secretary-Treasurer of The Uptown Players. Although this is Miss Clarke's eleventh year with the group, this will be her first major role. In the first place, her chief interest is not acting but managing the hundred and one business details, and in the second place, those same details, plus her duties as Mr. Bradley-Griffin's secretary leave her little time for concentrating on anything other than minor character roles, which include Mrs. Webb in OUR TOWN and Aunt Jenny in I REMEMBER MAMA.

LIFE WITH MOTHER will open at the 11th Street Theatre on Thursday evening, January 12, at 8:30 P.M., followed by a performance on Saturday evening, January 14, at 8:30 P.M., and a Sunday matinee performance on January 15 at 3 P.M. Tickets for the Thursday evening and Sunday matinee

performances are $1.25, including Federal Tax, and $1.50 for the Saturday evening performance. Reservations may be made by calling The Uptown Players headquarters at MIchigan 2-3105.

Through the Club Plan, it is possible for an organization of 25 or more members to attend the Thursday evening and Sunday matinee performances and at the same time make money for their own treasury. For these performances the regular tickets are sold in blocks of 25 or more at the reduced Club Plan rate of 75c each, including Federal Tax. The organization in turn sells the tickets to its members and friends for the regular price of $1.25, thus making 50c on each ticket. For further details and a schedule of forthcoming productions, simply drop a line to The Uptown Players, 1149 North LaSalle Street, Chicago 10, or call MIchigan 2-3105.

The Uptown Players are also available for out-of-town engagements within a radius of 100 miles of Chicago. This work is handled by a competent staff of trained promotion men and involves no work on the part of the sponsoring organization. The organization is guaranteed against any financial loss and all the work of selling program advertising, tickets, etc., is done by Mr. Al Landi and his trained workers. Mr. Landi is available at all times to appear before the directors or attend a meeting of any interested organization and explain this sponsorship plan in detail, without any obligation whatsoever. He may be contacted at The Players' headquarters.

DISCORD OR HARMONY?

THIS summer, on our little island up in Lake Vermilion in northern Minnesota, where I spent a little time after my return from Europe, I was quite alone one perfect summer day—alone with a book. I was sitting on a big rock, looking up into the sky that had not a cloud in it that perfect day. The sky was that indescribable blue which always indicates infinity. There were old pines around me, this limitless blue sky above, with occasionally the flight of a seagull in all its beauty sweeping across my vision; there was the melody of song-sparrows and black-throated green warblers in my ears, and the songs of the little American goldfinches flying around in the bushes nearby. It was so quiet that even the water itself did not ripple against the rock.

There had been some specially distressing news in the world that morning and there was anxiety in our hearts about many things, and all at once in the book I was reading I came across the words, "Making melody in your hearts." I thought of the impending disasters that people are always being told are just about to happen. I thought of the breakdown of the equipment by which man was trying to build an integrated world. I thought of all the frustration, the hate, the voices of doom and the prophets of despair, and the voices of those who said "The world is going to come to an end and is about to smash in a great cataclysmic upheaval." I thought of all this and saw it all in that unforgettable moment which I had on that little island of mine, and then—the blue sky, the gulls, the songs of birds, and—"Melody in our hearts!"

Do you know how that moment affected me? I thought, Should we ac-

cept all this without protest? Should we simply resign ourselves in the presence of gloomy forecasting and foreboding in any moment of our lives, and just accept it as inevitable? What values in the ceaseless, never-ending ages are always kept intact? Do you think anything happens permanently to truth? I don't! Do you think anything happens permanently to goodness? Well, I don't! Do you think anything has permanently happened to the dreams of nations and the hopes of man? Do you think that the divine melody of continuity, proportion, harmony, adjustment, is a law that has been permanently violated by the viciousness, egoism and avarice of men? I don't! Do you think that we are in a cosmos where discord is the only reality; and harmony is such a fragile thing that it can be destroyed by the animalistic qualities of man? Well, I don't! Do you think, young man and young woman, that we are in a world where the dreams, hopes and ideals that motivate the human spirit are to be permanently suppressed? I don't! I never believed more in the permanency of the excellent and the perpetuity of the divine harmony which holds the cosmos in its hands—I never believed more in the dignity and greatness and beauty of the human soul—I never believed more in the worthwhileness of man; I never believed more in what I think is a truth which can be demonstrated again and again, —that man can bathe his hands even in blood and man can destroy and burn, can disintegrate and decay, and yet there is a divine melody in the inner soul of man which nothing can destroy; and that if we, as individuals, will find a way by which we can keep our ears and hearts attuned to the divine melody in our souls—triumphant achievements can come to each one of us.

Take a broken life—a life in deep trouble and saturated with despair—a life just agonizing in the midst of its own disintegration, everything apparently wrong, friends untrue, business gone to pieces, all sense of values lost, and we get a twisted personality—a vacillating personality—the life crashes in unutterable tragedy—all of which could be avoided! A note of discord in a great symphony of artistic loveliness is a note that cannot find its way into the relationship of the ensemble of the thing that is trying to be done in the field of music. The discord is the chord that says "I will go on my own; I will not obey the laws of harmony; I will not obey the laws of unity, which are the fundamentals in great artistry—and all the tragedy of discord is the result.

I think most people start in the wrong way in trying to establish harmony and melody in the heart. They think in terms of their own relationships that are closest to them first, and they assume that would be the place to begin. I don't think it is at all. There is an eternal spirit and everlasting melody and rhythm of the cosmos, and every single fundamental deviation from that melody means discord and tragedy. Any individual who establishes that relationship first will find that that relationship will vitally affect every other relationship within the area, and the problem they found so difficult as they thought of it objectively and directly related to some experience close to them, becomes illuminated and clears up. You say to yourself, "I am another personality, with a clearer vision than I had. I was confused because I was trying to make over everybody else in the light of my own standards." We are constantly confusing the question of harmony by an intensification of the objective problems about us. Our own

little world of selfishness in which we tried to mould everybody else to fit that mould, no longer exists. We have listened to the eternal melody of divine love. Where there is discord there can be no melody. And when the mind and heart sing songs of melody, there is health, strength and the eternal beauty of the spheres. Then what would happen to bitterness?

I wish you knew what your own hates create in your own life. I wish you knew what your misunderstandings and the cruelty of your words and phrases do to you. I wish more people knew what it does to them to hate their fellowmen. I wish that knowledge was more available to everyone. It is available; the trouble is, we do not choose to incorporate it into our daily experiences of life, so we hate, we criticize, we condemn, and we become self-centered and think the whole universe is directed against our own security, our sense of protection and happiness. Why don't you forget personal pride? Why don't you let harmony take possession and hold full sway? Why not let it hold sway at your office desk? Why don't you let it soften and sweeten every relationship of life? Why don't you have the courage to be your BEST SELF? You have a best self, you know. Why not let it shine through your pride, your obstinacy, your cynicism?

Probably one of the most fallacious ideas that people get in this world, as indeed it is one of the most interfering, is the idea that a life without difficulty or trouble is the ideal life; a life that just goes on day after day in a certain even tempo, with the sun always shining, with everything about them perfect, with life always being kind and gracious; they think that constitutes successful living. That simply isn't true. The people I know best and who come to me the most often are people who are in trouble; and the people who have to face up to trouble are the most adequate. Now, of course, I am not suggesting that we should go out and seek trouble, not at all. Some people seem to do that, and one would think they just started out to see how much trouble they could get themselves into. But suppose you are already in trouble. What are you going to do about it? Are you going to let trouble of any kind work havoc in your inner consciousness and go all to pieces in front of it?

I have had many experiences in life where I could not see the way out, but don't think you have to see the end of the way to work out your problem. Trying to decide beforehand the way a problem should be worked out often leads up a blind alley. But just stand up to the trouble and, truly desiring to work it out the best way, let yourself be guided by the best light that can be thrown onto your difficulty, taking one step at a time and letting your best self shine through;—for you know, even the most vicious, the meanest, the most cynical, most earthbound, materialistically-minded person has a best self —has in him a part of the eternal; and every person living in discord can change all that and have Melody in their hearts!

* * *

Edwin B. Frost tells us that we are a sample of the great Universe and our bodies are made of some of the same substances found in the sun and the other stars. My study Secretary, Ethel Wells Smalley, got to thinking about Mr. Frost's statement and wrote this little poem which she calls:

LET ME KEEP BRIGHT

Sometimes when my thoughts are heavy and low,
My step rather sluggish and slow,
And my spirit is sunk in the mire of despair—

(I admit that these moments are rare)—
It is then I remember from what I am made;
Of the substance of stars it is said.

Now the stars that so constantly sparkle and shine,
Do they ever fret and repine?
Why I think the stars must instinctively know
They are put up on high just to glow.
So they twinkle and kindle and send out a smile.
Those queer mortals on earth to beguile.

And now that I know I am kin of the stars,
Of Jupiter, Neptune, Venus and Mars,
Whether great light or small,—yellow, green light or red,
The light shall be bright that I shed.
Thus prove I my right to be kin of the stars;
Of Jupiter, Neptune, Venus and Mars.

BOOK CHATS

I PICKED up a beautiful book for a gift the other day, published by Halcyon House. Many of my listeners I know will remember the compilation of Marjorie Barrows which I wrote of last year, called "One Thousand Beautiful Things." Now Miss Barrows has given us another truly lovely and precious volume which she calls "In Green Pastures."

This is "A Treasury of Inspirational Poetry and Prose," the sort of book one keeps on a bedside stand so that he may read each day, perhaps before going to sleep or perhaps on waking, a great lyric, an inspiring essay, or an absorbing, worth-while story. You may be in the mood for some old favorite that you will find here. Again you may take delight in a fine new story, a bit of philosophy or a warmly human poem by a poet new to you or one whose work you have known for years.

This particular compilation includes some of the finest writers of the present and the past: You will find Kathleen Norris's heart-warming best-seller "Mother" in its shorter, original form; Dr. Alexis Carrel's truly great article, "Prayer is Power," which has changed the lives of many who have tried it and found that it worked. Here you will find Kate Douglas Wiggin's stirring autobiographical sketch, "A Journey With Dickens"; and an outstanding story from James A. Michener's Pulitzer prize-winning "Tales of the South Pacific"; and a condensation of Joshua Loth Liebman's world-famous "Peace of Mind," a book which I have reviewed in my regular Wednesday evening book lectures and which has helped thousands.

There is Dorothy Thomas's delightful love story, "My Heart is Like a Singing Bird," and Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick's sermon on the real need of inspiration. In addition to these, there are selections from Elizabeth Barrett Browning's love sonnets, poems by her husband Robert Browning, as well as by Sara Teasdale, Vachel Lindsay and the great poets of the romantic period, Wordsworth, Shelley, Lord Byron and others. Here you will find contributions by Mahatma Gandhi, Stephen

Vincent Benet, John Masefield, and William Allen White. There is a very beautiful creed in it written by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., which begins with "I believe in the supreme worth of the individual and in his right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" and ends with "I believe that love is the greatest thing in the world; that it alone can overcome hate; that right can and will triumph over might." This anthology contains Vachel Lindsay's beautiful poem "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight." There is a short essay by the well-known T. V. Smith on "This Man Lincoln." There is a truly beautiful story by Dorothy Canfield called "I Thought I heard Them Singing," that every mother who has a true interest in her children will deeply appreciate, and I could go on and on relating the excellent selections with which this book is filled—a truly valuable gift for so moderate priced a book. The last story I mentioned is really a Christmas story and there are some Christmas poems included and a short article by Francis Cardinal Spellman on "The Meaning of Christmas."

The publishers in a little foreward to the book have this to say: "Here is a book of beauty, sincerity, and significance. In these unquiet times when many are needing faith in God, hope for man, and charity—or love for God and man—a book such as this, filled with heart-warming stories, wise essays and simple but beautiful poetry, can bring from outstanding writers of our day and of days gone by both inspiration and peace.

Miss Barrows has included a "Grace Before Reading a Book," which I wrote originally for Herma Clark's little book which she called "Keys for Happiness." I am going to quote for you this short Grace which I wrote:

"Eternal Father, as we open the pages of this book we have chosen to read, we would express our gratitude for all the noble thoughts which the mind of man has given to the world. We are grateful for the opportunity afforded us by good books to become companions of great minds and hearts. May we keep our minds always open and receptive to truth and beauty, knowing that these finally are manifested in our character. May we treat this book as we respect and admire a friend. May we always choose for our reading-moments books which will elevate our hearts, ennoble our minds and lift our spirits. For all the good things which come our way, we are grateful and, most of all, dear Father, may we be worthy of them."

* * *

Radio of the Future

"The miracle of radio foretells
A million miracles, revealing doors
Are opening and ancient semaphores
Of sound are arrowing to sailors' bells
That Noah heard; the ultra-sonic wave
Maintains its mysteries; sound has no loss,
The air protects the murmur from the Cross—
Assurance of the thought beyond the grave.
Adventure of Tomorrow means long lanes
Of light to blaze—trails of a flying bird,
It means dimensions far beyond the third,
And streams of *God-like blood in human veins;*
No man can kill the evidence of *this;*
Love dominates the last analysis."

Rachel Albright

From "In Green Pastures by Marjorie Barrows

* * *

Whenever something very helpful comes to my attention, I always like to pass it on to my readers. This next book I am going to mention may be invaluable to you, whether you are young

or (I shall not say what you think I am about to say)—whether you are young or mature. I think "mature" is a very good word for those who cannot call themselves young any more. A friend of mine placed in my hands a little book, and how I do like little books. I always feel there is going to be real worth in it, and there certainly is worth in this little book. It has a very interesting title. It is called "HOW TO AVOID WORK!" The author is William J. Reilly. Now when I saw that title I wondered why my friend gave *me* such a book. I don't want to avoid work. I love it. That is, I like *my* kind of work. Then I discovered that Mr. Reilly had that very thing in mind—how to avoid work by finding and doing the kind of work one loves and which therefore is not really work at all, but a great joy.

Mr. Allen T. Preyer, who is Chairman of the Board of Morse International, Inc., says *"Read* this book. I wish *I* could have read it 39 years ago when I started to work." And under the title on the cover of the book are these lines: "If your job bores you—if it's work not fun—it's hurting you. Get out of it! Here's a book that shows you: 1. How to move into a job you enjoy. 2. How to get the money you want with the greatest possible ease. 3. How to control your future from now on—with pleasure!"

I am going to tell you a little about Mr. Reilly, the author. He is a Doctor of Philosophy and a Career Consultant. He was frightened by work, we are told, at the early age of fourteen—running messages around Pittsburgh's Golden Triangle. Later he *worked* his way through college by selling advertising space just two hours a day. Since then, by redefining the word *work* he has been able to avoid it entirely. Yet, Dr. Reilly is Director of the National Institute for Straight Thinking, which he founded in 1932 for the purpose of helping men and women to apply straight thinking to their business and career problems. He has served on Research staffs at Carnegie Institute of Technology, the University of Chicago and the University of Texas, and has been retained as a business consultant by many of the largest corporations in the United States. He is the author of a number of successful books, including "How to Improve Your Human Relations," "The Law of Intelligent Action," "The Twelve Rules for Straight Thinking," and in addition is a frequent contributor to a great many nationally known magazines, "Reader's Digest," "Look," "American Business" and many others.

His chapter headings are—WHAT IS WORK?—YOU CAN AVOID WORK!—WHY DON'T YOU DO IT?—DECIDE ON YOUR FIRST STEP—MOVE INTO YOUR CHOSEN FIELD—Then there is a chapter called WATCH YOUR HUMAN RELATIONS, and the sub-headings of this chapter are very helpful, even if you didn't read anything else. Such as Don't go over the boss's head—Don't step on other people's ideas—Admit, don't defend, your mistakes—Watch your promises—and a few more.

Now, just to show you that Mr. Reilly has written this book for everybody, listen to these chapters—IF YOU'RE UNDER 35—IF YOU'RE 35 TO 55—IF YOU'RE OVER 55—then a chapter called LIVING THE LIFE OF REILLY, and an appendix tells us "What Is The National Institute for Straight Thinking." Mr. Reilly says "Most Americans have the ridiculous notion that anything they do which produces an income is work—and that anything they do outside 'working' hours is play." He says there is no logic in that, and tells of a friend of his: "I have a friend who is a loco-

motive engineer. I know he loves the feeling of masterfulness and responsibility that comes over him when he gets behind the throttle and blows that whistle. But when he comes into his house on a typical night, his wife is apt to say, 'George, the Carlburgs want us to come over and play bridge tonight.' Suddenly George feels all fagged out. He mutters irritably, 'Have we got to? I've had a hard day. You know I don't like bridge and play it miserably. Besides, Willard is such an old windbag.' Now, to George, playing bridge at the Carlburg's is the purest kind of work, infinitely more exhausting and harassing than his activities at the throttle. And he is right."

Mr. Reilly says "I see accountants who wish they were teachers or explorers, and salesmen who wish they were cabinetmakers. I recently talked with the son of a wealthy lawyer who was grimly studying law. He said, 'Oh, I'll plow through these courses somehow.' Deep in his heart he wants to be a geologist, but of course, he said, he couldn't disappoint Dad. When a person is in a job he dislikes, he reacts by being moody and nervous. He becomes tired easily and is a victim of indigestion and insomnia. As he continues to feel frustrated, he becomes rebellious, figuratively kicks at people, grows sour on the world. Yes, forcing yourself to work at a job you dislike is like wearing a lead vest to run a race—it's just plain exhausting. Most people," says Mr. Reilly, "think that once you get started in a certain field, you can't very well change. This is sheer nonsense." He shows, in later chapters, that "no matter who you are, what you've been doing, or how old you are, you can change to a job environment more agreeable to your nature. There is no such thing as a one-and-only career for anyone. Frequently there are several possible careers open to you that will be equally satisfying. It is only when you get caught in a job that is wholly alien to your nature that you develop ulcers and a nervous breakdown. Life really begins when you have discovered that you can do anything you want."

Mr. Reilly claims that "Actually, there is only one way in this world to achieve true happiness, and that is to express yourself with all your skill and enthusiasm in a career that appeals to you more than any other. In such a career you feel a sense of purpose, a sense of achievement. You feel you are making a contribution. We would be more creative and our productivity would be vastly increased."

This book is good for young people, it is good for parents and it is good for executives. I am sure that anyone who reads it will feel grateful to me for bringing it to your attention. Mr. Moncrieff, Pres., of the Swan-Finch Oil Corporation says "I've seen Reilly's ideas of How to Avoid Work carry many a man successward. Read this book, follow his tips, and your life is bound to be more pleasant and profitable." And I, myself, found that Mr. Reilly's book HOW TO AVOID WORK, just from the standpoint of interesting reading was well worth while. The book is written in a dynamic and practical style.

Ernst Hertzberg of the Monastery Hill Bindery of this city sent me the following beautiful comment on books:

"The world of books—is the most remarkable creation of man—nothing else that he builds ever lasts—monuments fall—nations perish—civilizations grow old and die out—after an era of darkness new races build others—but in the world of books are volumes that live on—still as young and fresh as the day they were written—still telling men's hearts of the hearts of men centuries dead."

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

IN that week between Christmas and New Year, the world seems to be on tiptoe—looking back at what the past year has brought into each individual life, good or bad; some looking wistfully, a little fearful the success, the happiness, the love, the friend, the content, the security gained this year might—it might in some way change in the New Year! While others looking back are glad it is over, quite sure the new year will bring a change, "better luck," happier days, comfort; and all, standing on tiptoe, gaze ahead, trying to see what may be on the path of the New Year for them, with awe, with a feeling of mystery and uncertainty, looking, straining eyes to see over the hill to the beyond; anxiously, hopefully they look — ahead to the future! Hope! Hope keeps the chin up and the shoulders back expectantly. Hope always and ever; never let go the leading hand of Hope! Who knows what there may be over the hill on the road through the New Year. Who knows?

We have had many nice things happen this year in the Church and in the family. Not big, startling things, but little things; kindnesses, unexpected thoughtfulness, pleasant little surprises along the way that bring happiness and cheer, smiles and laughter, into daily living, and warmth to the heart!

There have been sorrowful things happen also. The whole Church was deeply saddened and many of us personally felt a keen sorrow and loss by the sudden passing of our organist and loyal friend, Walter Flandorf shortly before Christmas (December 7th). He will always hold his place in the heart of the Church and the loving memory of his many friends.

In the fall we were grieved by the death of Mrs. Dora Reynolds, who had been for thirty years a devoted member, active in the Church work. She had for years been Vice-President of the Board of Trustees, and was twice elected president of the Woman's Club. Everyone who knew her loved her. She was always kind, understanding and sympathetic, cheerful and sweet; one of the finest and loveliest women we have ever known; a valued friend who will never be forgotten. And so it is that sorrow and gladness walk the same path—and that makes up life.

My husband and I received hundreds of Christmas cards and they made us very happy to have so many send their greetings. It will be quite some time before we shall have opened and looked at them all, but not one will be skipped and we love them all and assure you of our very sincere appreciation. Thank you, heartily! I should like to mention many of them. Of course you will understand that it is not possible. But there is one I want to tell you about, as I am sure many will be interested.

You will remember several years ago we wrote in The Liberalist about Casey Jones? Dr. Bradley talked of him on his broadcast, and I put a letter or two

from him in the Mail Bag column, and there was a great deal of interest in Casey; and after hearing about him through Doctor's broadcast, some very helpful and nice things were done for him. He is a splendid young man.

Late this fall Casey wrote us he was about to be married, and he said, "She is a gorgeous redhead—and I think she is beautiful." He also wrote that his father (who is a minister) is retiring and he and Casey's mother have gone to Florida, and Casey has taken over the farm. He will have hired help to do the work, but Casey will manage it all, and this seems wonderful and ambitious and courageous of Casey, realizing his many years of suffering and struggle. It reads like a fairy story! The Prince found the lovely Princess and—"May they live happily ever after!"

Imagine how pleased we were to open a Christmas greeting and find a snapshot of Casey and his bride—and his earlier description surely proved true! She is a beautiful girl indeed. In the picture, Casey in his wheelchair grasps her hand that reaches over his shoulder, and, turned slightly, he is looking up at her with an expression of complete devotion. She, dressed in a dark suit, wearing a corsage of roses, is standing back of his chair, looking down with a lovely smile into his upturned face. It was obviously taken at the time of their wedding, for Casey is wearing a rose on the lapel of his gray suit. I am sure we all wish them a very happy life.

* * *

Our first letter out of the Mail Bag is from one who also sends her poem which she calls "America's Prayer," and I think it excellent for the New Year. The letter begins:

"I have been your sincere admirer, like many other people. And your sermon that you gave on Sunday, December 11, touched me very deeply. I could understand how you felt; you had deep sorrow for your lost friend, and you were very tired and weary. People from all walks of life come to you with their problems, and while you do your best to help and console them, very few of them ask you how you feel and offer their assistance to your difficulties. Although it has been said that in giving you receive, sometimes you, yourself, need that kindness from others.

"A man like you should not have great sorrows and troubles; but I could not help feeling sad for you, for us, for the world. It reminded me of when I went to a physician, and he looked so tired and worn, and after he completed his examination I asked him: 'Well, Doctor, and how do you feel? You look as though you needed a good rest.' His face beamed in a sort of amazement and he said: 'That is very nice, but an odd question to ask your doctor. Not many people seem to be concerned about that. They come here to tell me their troubles.' And so it is with you, I suppose.

"That is why I felt like writing you a few lines, together with a nice poem which I thought you might like. You have helped me many times with your philosophy of life, which has made me look at my problems with a different attitude.

"I shall close now with my best wishes to you for a Happy Holiday Season. As a token of my admiration and gratitude I am sending you a tie which I knitted myself and I hope you will wear it at least once. You see, I'm White Russian and my religion is of Greek-Orthodox faith, and our priests are not allowed to wear ties, so I hope in your religion you are permitted to do so. I am, sincerely, Sandra Gebhardt."

And here is the poem:

AMERICA'S PRAYER

Bless Thou the men in whom I place my trust
And give to them the wisdom that is Thine;
Let not my flag be trampled in the dust,
Nor shattered the ideals I claim as mine.
Bestow upon my stalwart sons, dear Lord,
The courage born of lasting faith in Thee
That they may brave the perils of the sword
As did Thy Son the pains of Calvary.

Grant unto me the strength I sorely need
To triumph over every vicious foe
Who plants the fertile seeds of savage greed
From which Intolerance and Hatred grow.
I ask these things not for myself alone,
But for a world whose heart is pained and sore,
A world where Liberty and Peace lie prone
Beneath the iron heel of brutal war.

I pray Thee, God, that they will rise again
And walk the earth together, hand in hand,
That Love once more may rule the hearts of men
No matter what their creed or where their land.—Em Aitch Dee.

* * *

The next letter is from a Springfield attorney, Robert W. Johnson:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: Listening to your broadcast this evening I could only remember the days of old, the days when Thomas Ambrose, Fred Peet and yourself were interested in the welfare of the out-of-doors. As you compared the life of the human to that of a home and the need of both for conservation and repair, it seemed that I could see Bill Dilg in his appealing crusade for conservation.

"All of it brought to view how far we have gone since those delightful hours of meeting men with understanding. As you talked of youth and his progress into the field of education, his failure and success, it became apparent that life had given to you in the greatest college of all a full measure of living and all that it meant to live—understanding.

"We urge you to take the best of care of yourself that you may continue to bring understanding to folks who are weary in the great struggle of life. With that we also send you a most sincere wish for a happy and a very merry Christmas and a new year of health and prosperity.—Very sincerely, Bob Johnson (Robert W.)"

* * *

A beautiful letter came from Marcia Sandahl, the rich-voiced contralto in the quartet of our choir, expressing her gratitude to Dr. Bradley and appreciation of Mr. Flandorf. She writes:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: May I tell you how soul inspiring and gratifying your benevolent tribute to the memory of Walter Flandorf was to those of us who knew and loved him. In the words of my Uncle, I quote: 'Dr. Bradley's tribute was eloquent and true. It was a tribute to a great man by another great man.'

"So often I have wanted to tell you what a great influence you have had and are having on me and my life. Since it has been my privilege to serve at your church my whole outlook is one of a positive, fearless, happier nature than ever before in my life. I have thought this and have wanted to express it but neglected to do so.

"How many words I would like to say to Walter Flandorf; how much I would like to tell him 'Thanks' for so many things he did. It is too late now. So I am grasping this opportunity to say a humble 'Thank you' to a great spiritual leader of our times—you, Dr. Bradley—and I mean it—Thank you! And may you continue enriching this spiritually hungry world, so in need of what you are giving. May you be blest with health and strength to keep you for many, many years to come.

"From the granddaughter of a Lutheran clergyman (Augustana Synod), gratefully yours, Marcia Sandahl."

* * *

And now we must close our Mail Bag, just when I feel inclined to ramble on and on about many things.

Please accept our grateful appreciation and thanks for your friendliness and your kind letters. Dr. Bradley needs them to inspire him, so please keep them coming.

May the New Year prove one of glad surprise and filled with blessedness for every one of you — Good Health — Good Friends—and Contentment.

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

NOVEMBER

1—Radio Address. WGN
Television Appearance. WBKB

2—Radio Address. WGN
Opening Book Lecture. Peoples Church

3—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Englewood Lion's Club
Southtown YMCA
Cut record. WGN

4—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Amer. Assoc. of Battery Mfrs. Stevens Hotel
Address. 20th Anniv. Fathers and Sons Banquet. Lincoln Memorial Church

6—Two Services. Peoples Church

7—Radio Address. WGN

8—Radio Address. WGN
Cut two records. WGN

9—Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church

10—Radio Address (El. Tr.) WGN
Lecture. Chicago Public Library Memorial Hall

11—Attended meeting and luncheon of Congress of Christians and Jews, Mayflower Hotel, Washington, D. C. President Truman, speaker

13—Two services. Peoples Church

14—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Men's Advertising Post Am. Legion. Dr. Bradley's 25th address to this group
Cut record. WGN

15—Radio Address. WGN

16—Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
Opening Church Bazaar

17—Radio Address. WGN
Address and Guest of Honor at Conf. of Program Chairmen and Club Presidents. Fullerton Hall, Art Institute
Address. Central Lions Club Hotel LaSalle
Peoples Church Bazaar

18—Radio Address. WGN
25th Anniversary, Adult Education Council. Congress Hotel
Peoples Church Bazaar

20—Two Services Peoples Church
Address. Greater Chicago Lodge

No. 3 Loyal Order of Moose.
Moose Hall
Address, Friends of Library
Lowell School, Oak Park
Television Appearance WGN-TV
with Harold Isbell

21—Radio Address. WGN
Guest. "Quiz Kids" Program
NBC-TV

22—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Chicago Rotary Club
Hotel Sherman
Television Conference. Hirsch

23—Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church

24—Sermon. Union Thanksgiving
Service. 2nd Presby. Church
Bloomington, Ills.
Radio Address. WGN

25—Radio Address. WGN

27—Two Services. Peoples Church

28—Radio Address. WGN
Attendance Chicago Literary Club

29—Radio Address. WGN
Television conference WGN-TV
Address. Annual Dinner.
Mayfair Lion's Club, Natl.
Restaurant

30—Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church

WEDDINGS

4—Rosalie Allaun and
Alfred G. Crandall

5—Frankie Louise Canaday and
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7—Octa L. Wallin and
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12—Rita I. Sherwood and
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16—Marion Alice Hickney and
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19—Evelyn Jones and
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21—Andra B. Taylor and
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24—Margaret Mash and
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25—Mary Elizabeth Hutsell and
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9—Edna Koch

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23—Emil Benson
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26—Martin Anderson

28—Mrs. Emma Schumann

29—Arthur Hooper

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6—Helena Mohar (Adult) d. of
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